## EMMY LOU IN THE PRIMER CLASS.

THE RIGHT PROMETHEAN FIRE By Mrs. GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN.

MMY LOU, laboriously copying digits, looked up. The boy sitting in line in the next row of deaks was making signs to her. She had noticed the little boy He was a square little boy, with a sprinkling of freekles over the bridge.

of the nose and a cheerful breadth of of the nose and a cheerful breadth of nostril. His teeth were wide apart, and his smile was broad and constant. Not that Emmy Lou could have told all this. She only knew that to her the knowledge of the little boy concerning the things peculiar to the primer world seemed limitless.

And now the little have not be been all the later was being the concerning the seemed limitless.

And now the little boy was beckoning Emmy Lou. She did not know him, but neither did she know any of the seventy other little boys and girls making the

other little boys and girls making the primer class.

Because of the popular prejudice against whooping cough, Emmy Lou had not en-tered the primer class until late. When she arrived, the seventy little boys and girls were well along in alphabetical lore. having long since passed the a, b, c initiation, and become glibly eloquent

initiation, and become gibbly eloquent to a point where the l, m, n, o, p slipped off their tongues with the liquid case of repetition and familiarity.

"But Emmy Lou can catch up," said Emmy Lou's Aunt Cordella, a plump and cheery lady, beaming with optimistic placidity upon the infant populace scated in parallel rows at desks before her.

Miss Clara, the teacher, lacked Aunt

in parallel rows at desks before her.

Miss Clara, the teacher, lacked Aunt
Cordella's optimism, also her plumpness.
"No doubt she can," agreed Miss Clara,
politely, but without enthusiasm. Miss
Clara had stepped from the graduating
restrum to the school room platform, and she had been there some years. And when one has been there some years, and is already battling with seventy little boys and girls, one cannot greet the advent always sure indication that one's temperament is sanguine also.

ament is sanguine also.

So in answer to Aunt Cordella, Miss Clara replied politely but without enthusiasm, "No doubt she can."

Starm, "No doubt she can,"
Then Aunt Cordella went, and Miss
Clara gave Emmy Lou a desk. And Miss
Clara then rapping sharply, and calling
some small delinquent to order, Emmy
Lou's heart sank within her.

Now Miss Clara's tones were tart, because she did not know what to do with
this late comer. In a class of seventy,
spare time is not offering for the bringing up of the backward. The way of the
primer teacher was not made casy in a primer teacher was not made easy in a public school of twenty-five years ago. So Mis Clara told the new pupil to copy

Now what digits were Emmy Lou had ne idea, but being shown then on the blackboard, she copied them dligently. And as the time went on, Emmy Lou And as the time went on, Eminy Lou-went on copying digits. And her one endeavor being to avoid the notice of Miss Clara, it happened the needs of Emmy Lou were frequently lost sight of in the more assertive claims of the sev-

Emmy Lou was not catching up, and it

Emmy Lou was not catching and it was January.

But to-day was to be different. The little by nodding and beckening. So far the seventy had left Emmy Lou alone. As a general thing the herd crowds toward the leaders, and the laggard brings up the rear alone. But to-day the little boy was beckening.

Emmy Lou looked up. Emmy Lou was plak-checked and chubby and in her heart there was no gulle. There was an ease and swagger about the little boy. And and swagger about the little boy. And he always know when to stand up, and what for. Emmy Lou more than once had failed to stand up, and Miss Clara's reminder had been sharp. It was when a bell rang one must stand up. But what

a bell rang one must stand up. But what for, Emmy Lou never knew, until after the others began to do it.

But the little boy always knew. Emmy Lou had heard him, too, out on the beach, glibly tell Miss Clara about the mat, and a bat, and a black rat. To-day he stood forth with confidence and told about a fat hen. Emmy Lou was glad to have the little boy beckon her.

And in her heart there was no guile. That the little boy should be holding out an end of a severed Indiarrubber hand.

and wash those digits off was strange.

And to be told crossly to sit down washewildering, when in answer to c, a, t, tene said "Pussy." And yet there was Pussy washing her face, on the chart, and Miss Clara's pointer pointing to her.

So when the little boy held out the rubber band across the alsie, Emmy Lou took the proffered end,

A' this the little boy slid back into the desired was with the proffered end,

A' this the little boy slid back into the desired was with the proffered end,

A' this the little boy slid back into the desired was with the proffered end,

A' this the little boy slid back into the desired was with the proffered end,

A' this the little boy slid back into the desired was wrapped a piece of paper. It do the look of the margin of a primer page. The paper bore marks, They were not digits.

Schmy Lou took the paper to Aunt Cordelia, They were ad dinner.

"Carl' you read it, Emmy Lou?" asked Aunt Katle, the prottlest aunty.

Emmy Lou took the paper to Aunt Cordelia, They were ad dinner.

"Carl' you read it, Emmy Lou?" asked Aunt Katle, the prottlest aunty.

Emmy Lou took the paper to Aunt Cordelia, They were ad thiner.

"Carl' you read it, Emmy Lou?" asked Aunt Louise, the youngest aunty.

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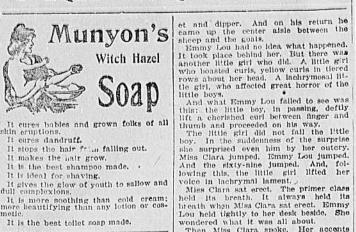
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Emmy Lou took the paper to Aunt Cordelia, They were addiner.

"Carl' you read it, Emmy Lou?" asked Aunt Louise, the youngest aunty.



It makes the nair from failing out.

It makes the nair grow.

It is the best shampoo made.

It is ideal for shaving.

It gives the glow of youth to sallow and dull complexions.

It is the best toilet soap made.

dreamed that it was because she was watching him that the little boy was moved to this brilliant exhibition. Presently, reaching the end of his page, he looked up, carelessly, incidentally. It seemed to be borne to him that Emmy Lou was there, whereupon he nodded. Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he dived into his desk, and after oscientatiously scarching in, on, under it, brought forth a pence, and held it up for Emmy Lou to see, Nor did she dream that it was for this the little boy had been there since before Uncle Michael had unlocked the primer door.

Emmy Lou looked across at the pencil. It was a state pencil. A fine, long, new state pencil, grandly encased for half its length in gold paper. One bought them at the drug store across from the school, and one paid for them the whole of five

shout a fit hen. Emmy Lou was glad to have the little boy beckon her.

And in her heart there was no guile. That the little boy bould be holding out an end of a severed India-rubber band and inviting her to take it, was no stranger than other things happening in the primer world every day.

The very manner of the Infant classification breathed mystery, the sheep from the goats, so to speak, the little boys all the other—and to overstep the line of demarcation, a thing to for slate.

Many things were strange. That one must get up suddenly when a bell rang was strange.

And to copy digits until one's chubby fingers, tightly gripping the pencil, ached, and then to be expected to take a sponge and wash those digits off was strange.

And to be told crossly to sit down washewildering, when in answer to c, a, then said "Pussy," And yet there was proper look of the contemplate, that the little said "Pussy," and yet there was proper and the color of the margin of a primer look of the margin of a primer look of the margin of a primer look and then to be expected to take a sponge and wash those digits off was strange.

And to be told crossly to sit down washewildering, when in answer to c, a, then said "Pussy," And yet there was primer look and then to be expected to take a sponge and wash those digits off was strange.

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And to be told crossly to sit down washe will be successed to take a sponge and wash those digits of was strange.

And to be told crossly to sit down washe will be primer page. The paner l

cefenseless, pink cheeked and smiling bravely.

The next morning Emmy Lou was early. She was always early. Since entering the printer class breakfast had copper toes and run down heels narked with thunnying emphasis upon the choice of the printer class breakfast had copper toes and run down heels narked with thunnying emphasis upon the choice here here to be to be the printer class breakfast had copper toes and run down heels narked with thunnying emphasis upon the ecoholic boards his processional and recessional. And reaching his desk, the little boy slammed down his state with clattering reverberations.

But this morning he was at his desk, copying from his primer on to his slate. The easy, estentiations way in which he glanced from slate to book was not jest upon the blackboard.

Emmy Lou watched the performance and the little boy's pencil drove with furious case and its path was marked with flourishes. Emmy Lou never

wendered what it was all about.

Then Miss Clara spoke, Her accents cut the silence.

Then Miss Clara spoke. Her accents cut the silence.

"Billy Traver!"

Billy Traver!"

Billy Traver stood forth. It was the little boy.

"Since you seem pleased to occupy yourself with the little girls, Billy, so to the pega!"

Emmy Lou trembled, "Go to the pegs!"

What unknown, inquisitorial terrors lay behind those dread, lacon'e words, Emmy Lou knew not.

She could only sit and watch the little boy turn and stump back down the alsle and around the room to where along the wall hung rows of feminine apparel.

Here he stopped and scanned the line. Then he paused before a hat, it was a round little hat with silky nap and a curling brim. It had rosettes to keep the ears warm and ribben that ted beneath the chin'. It was Emmy Lou's hat. Aunt Cordella had cautioned her to care concerning it.

Cortella may execute the corning fit.

The little boy took it down. There seemed to be no doubt in his mind as to what Miss Clara meant. But then, he had been in the primer class from the be-

ginning.

Having taken the hat down he proceed-

of them at the drug store.

On the road home, Emmy Lou ate the candy. The beautiful, shiny paper she put in her primer. The slip of paper that she found within she carried to Aunt

she found within she carried to Aunt Cordella, it was sticky and it was smeared. But it had reading on it.

"But this is printing," said Aunt Cordella, "can't you road it?"

Emmy Lou shook her head.

"Try," said Aunt Katie.

"The easy words," said Aunt Louise.

But Emmy Lou, remembering c-a-t, pussy, shook her head.

Aunt Cordella looked troubled. "Bhe certainly isn't catching up," said Aunt Cordella. Then she read from the slip of paper:

Oh woman, woman, thou wert made

You must never, never breathe to a living soul what was on your valentine. To tell even your best and truest girl friend was to prove faithless to the little

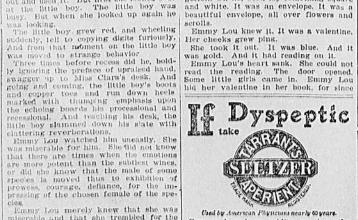
Emmy Lou shook her head.

Till spell the letters, "said Aunt Louise, the youngest aunty.

Emmy Lou's heart stood still. Then it swelled. But in her filling eyen there was no suspicion, only hurt. And even while a tear sphashed down, and, falling upon the laborlously copied digits, wrought have, she smilled bravely across at the little boy. It would have made the little boy. It would have made the little boy. It would have made the little boy set bad to know how it hurt. So Emmy Lou winked bravely and smilled.

Whereupen the little boy wheeled about suddenly and fell to copying dights from the companies of the first boy. The companies of the first boy wheeled about with a ferror this made. Alies Clara and safely and fell to copying dights from the companies of the first boy. The little boy was not broking, she felt free to let her little boy as both. One would think it had stung whe mot bording, she felt free to let her little boy's soul. Or that, along with remore, there went the image of one Emmy Lou was early. She was always early. Since eatering the printer class the state remorals grown in the class from the companies of the first boy's soul. Or that, along with remore, there went the image of one Emmy Lou, defenseless, plak cheeked and smilling bravely.

The next morning Emmy Lou was early. Since eatering the printer class the state of the printer class the state of the printer class the state of the printer class that an all places are proved the printer class the class that an all places are proved to the printer class the prin



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## The Thorough Completeness of Our Stock and Our Right Prices.

A strong combination and with which we make claim for your patronage. The newest, the best, in fact, everything proclaimed "just right," by Dame Fashion is here, in the greatest possible variety and at prices you will say are right, quality considered. An inspection is only necessary to convince you that this is no idle boast.

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Flecked Zibeline.... 75c., \$1, \$1,50 Scotch ldixtures......\$1,50 Knickerbocker Sulting, 75c., \$1, \$1,50 Broadcloths, in every conceivable 

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sive Designs-No Two Allke Every new and wanted shade in Boucle, Tufted Zibelines, Scotch Nub

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figured Zebilines, new, pretty and sty-
lsh, pattern

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3x4 yards All-Wool Brussels Rugs. new and handsome designs and color 3x4 yard All-Wool Wilton Rugs, Oriental designs and colorings......\$25 3x4 yard All-Wool Axminster Rugs. wand stylish designs, copies of Indian, Persian and Turkish patterns. This Rug we can recommend both from a useful and ornamental standpoint, special ......830

Smaller Rugs to match at corresponding law prices.

Irish Point Lace Curtains, in new and handsome designs. We direct your special attention to our Curtain at \$7.50, which cannot be duplicated for less than \$10.

Ruffled Curtains, Bobbinet Curtains, Motifany Curtains, Tambaher Curtains. Renaissance Lace Curtains. Curtains Real and Imitation Arab New and exclusive ideas in Portieres. Tapestries to suit all tastes. 

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A few specially worthy numbers selected from our regular, the general stylish get-up and modest prices make them quick

#### At \$15.00-Two Very Special Specials.

A very jaunty Walking Suit, of Fancy Scotch Mixtures, plaited front and A very stylish eighteen-gored, stitched seam, 32-inch Straight-Front Tailored Coat, satin lined and best of workmanship. The skirts of both of these Suits are seven-gore, full plaited and all nicely tailored.

## A Very Stylish Suit at \$19.75—Actually worth \$25.00.

A very stylish and handsome Walking Suit, made of extra quality of broadcloths, colors black, navy and brown, made in the best tailor's fashion, eighteengore, straight-front coat, with strapped double-stitched seams, taffeta lined, skirt cut eighteen-gore, full flare, strapped and double-stitched seams.

This Suit cannot be duplicated elsewhere for less than \$25,00. Our special price .......#10.75

#### Three Special Dress Suits at \$19.50.

A very stylish and serviceable Suit, made of an extra grade of Venetian cloth, colors navy and black, plaited back, long skirted blouse coat, taffeta lined and trimmed with erochet buttons and taffeta piping.

A very serviceable Suit of extra quality Cheviot, colors navy and black, long

skirted blouse coat, with shawl shoulders, stitched taffeta stole and collar and trimmed with fancy buttons.

A very fashionably made Suit of Zibeline, long blouse coat, roll front, cape shoulders, with taffeta trimmings. This Suit is finished off with a very stylish Persian band trimmings. The skirts to above Suits are all out seven and eightgore and stylishly trimmed to match Sult.

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A highly fashionable Suit, made of an English nub cloth, 37-inch plaited long skirted blouse coats, three circular capes, military collar effect, with tassels and taffeta trimmed stole, colors brown and black, skirt nine-gore, platted flare. 

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## Small Lots, Thoroughly Good At Halved Prices to be cleaned up Monday

35 Suits, made of unfinished worsteds, cheviots and serges, every one made in the best possible manner, tailored throughout, silk-lined skirts, Prices \$18.00, \$22.50, \$25.00, \$27.50 and \$29.50. To clean up at once, sted and black cheviot, slot seams, handsomely lined, were \$12.98. Your pick

made with velvet collar and all-silk satin lined. Price was \$17.50, now...\$7.08
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#### One Special Walking Skirt Value.

Every one this season's newest Skirts, made of all-wool fancy mixtures, unfinished worsteds and serges, made full flare, seven-gore, double-stitched

#### Special Announcement. Corsets that Scientifically Fit Any Figure.

We now have in charge of our Corset Department an expert Corsetaire, who fit any figure in a proper and scientific manner. We are Richmonl's only agents for Royal Worcester, Sapphire and Bon Ton Corsets,

#### An Unusual Kid Glove Bargain.

Ladies' Extra Quality Kid Gloves, here, a genuine bargain can be had. 5%, 6, 6%, 6%, 6%, 7; actual value \$1.25.

The new Cuff Glove, with turn-back cuffs, white lined with black and black lined with white, new and stylish. Ask

#### Our \$1.00 Kld Glove, Fitted and Guaranteed at Our Glove Counter,

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The new ones all here in the greatest possible variety. Our own importation, exclusive designa. **New Fall Waisting.** 

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Mercerized Oxfords, basket weaves, cheviots, diagonals, Bodford cords, etc......25c., 39c., 59c., 59c., 75c. Hosiery-Two Specials.

Ladies' Extra Quality Cotton Hose, full regular made, Hermsdorf dye; the usual 55c. kind, special.......25e Ladies' Extra Fine Gauze Cotton (3 pairs to box) actual value, per pair 50c., special, box of 3 pairs..\$1.25 We are Richmond agents for Black Cat Stockings for boys. These are not leather, but they wear like leather. Medium and heavy weight, all sizes

No-Mend Stockings for children, all ніхев......25с

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soft and light weight.......25c Infants' Merino Wool Wrappers 50c Children's Ribbed Cotton Vests, Pants and Drawers.......25c., 50c. Misses' Ribbed Merino Wool Vests ind Pants, soft, light weight and Shirts, Pants and Drawers, white and

rino Wool Vests and Pants 75c., 871ce., \$1 75c., 871ce., \$1 Ladies' Medium Weight Ribbed Me-in cotton, merino, wool and silk

Men's Strong, Warm and Non-Shrinking Shirts and Drawers, extra good values....75c., \$1, \$1,25, \$1.50

## From Our Linen Department

70-inch All-Pure Flax Full Bleached Scotch Damask, in the new orchid, tiger lily and rose patterns, a bar-

#### 20x40 Hemstitched All-Linen Huck Towels, the \$4 kind., dozen ........ \$3 CAN AND THE RESIDENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE

Wytheville Celebrates the

Event with Ceremony
and Speeches.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

WYTHEVILLE, VA., Sept. 26.—After a darkness of several weoks, new electric lights were turned on hore to-mail, Addresses were delivered at the power house by B. Lee Trinkle, Judge R. C. Jackson and R. W. Blair. The lights were turned on by Miss Lizzie Terry, daughter of Mayor Terry, who had been chosen for that purpose by vote for the most popular young hady.

SOME GOOD HORSES

Mr. J. Stewart Bryan's handsome stage states and stewart Bryan's handsome stage. The Messrs, Bryan have another promisting horse, which will probably be entered among the horses suitable to become hunters. The Messrs, Bryan have another promisting horse which will close next Thursday, after which the catalogue containing the full official programme will be gotten out without delay.

The programme for each evening will excel that of last year, when the illumination was sufficient for all purposes.

All the boxes, which were reserved long

Entries for the Richmond Show to Be

which promises to excel his work of last year, and Blizzard will, contrary to his name, make it warm for the horse that wins over him. Mr. Beattle has a new hunter, named Judge Wickham, which will probably be seen in the green hunter class, and is undoubtedly a comer.
Mr. Thomas N. Carter's Squeedunk will probably be among the entries in the hunter classes.

## poses. All the boxes, which were reserved long ago, are now taken beyond all prospect of any vacancles to be had at the last moment. Closed Thursday.

WAY.
On October 3d-7th, the Southern Railway will sell tickets from points on its line to Denver, Col., and return at one fare, plus fifty cents for the round trip, with return limit October 3ist, offering a choice of routes, through Asheville "Land of the Sky," Memphis and Kansas City,

# Just then the bell rang. Emmy Lou got up suddenly. But it was the bell for school to take up. So she sat down. She was glad Miss Clara was not yet in her place. After the primer class had filed in with panting and frosty entrance, the bell rang again. This time it was the right bell (apped by Miss Clara, now in her place. So again Emmy Lou got up suddenly and by following the little girl ahead learned that the bell meant, 'go out to the bench.' After the primer class bad filed in with panting and frosty entrance, the belt rang again. This time it was the right belt tapped by Milss Clara, now in her place. So again Emmy Lou get up suddenly and by following the little girl ahead learned that the bell meant, 'go out to the bench.' The primer class, according to the degree of its infant precedity was divided in three sections. Emmy Lou belonged to the third section. It was the last section and she was the last one in it, though she had no idea what a section meanty new why she was in it. Yesterday the third section had said, over and over, in chorus, "One and one are two, two and two are four," etc.—but to-day they said, "Two and one are two, two and two are four," etc.—but to-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are three, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are two, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are two, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day they said, "Two and one are two, two and two are four," etc.—but te-day the said not understand. Miss Clara, still erect, spoke again: Miss Clara, sti

tion was now on the bench. Ellimy Lou leaned across and put the pencil back on the little boy's desk.

Then she prepared herself to copy digits with her stump of a pencil. Emmy Lou's were always stumps. Her pencil had a way of rolling off her desk while she was gone, and one pencil makes many stumps. The little boy had generally helped her pick them up on her return. But strangely, from this time, her pencils rolled off no more.

But when Emmy Lou took up her slate there was a whole side filled with digits in soldierly rows across, so her heart grew light and free from the weight of digits, and she gave her time to the wishing of her desk, a thing in which her soil reveled, and for which, patterning after her little girl neighbors, she kept within that desk a bottle of soapy water and rags of a gray And unpleasant nature, that never dried, because of their frequent using. When Emmy Lou first came to school, her cleaning paraphernalla consisted of a

Corrects heartburn, acidity; regulates the bowels, removes fermenting matter and prepares the stomach to digest proper food. THE TABRANT CO., 21 Jay Street, New York

If B was an, I was and things were strange.

Emmy Lou accepted them all on faith. After dinner she approached aunt Katle. "What does it read?" asked Emmy Lou, "m and y?"

"My," said Aunt Katle.

The rest was harder. She could not remember the letters and had to copy them off on her slate. Then she sought Tom, the houseboy. Tom was out at the gate talking to another housebey. She waited until the other hoy was gone.

"What does it read?" asked Emmy Lou, and she told the letters off the slate. It tok Tom some time, but finally he told her.

Just then a little girl came along. She was a first-section little girl, and school she never noticed Emmy Lou. Now she was alone, so she stopped. "Get any valentines?" Now she was alone, so she stopped.
"Get any valentines?"
"Yes," said Emmy Lou. Then, moved from 3 to 6:32 and from 7:50 to 10:39.

you must not—she would never show her valentine—never.

The little girls wanted to know if she had gotten a valentine, and Emmy Lou said, "Yes," and her cheeks were pink with the joy of being able to say it.

Through the day she took peeps between the covers of her primer, but no one else might see it.

It rested heavy on Emmy Lou's heart, however, that there was reading on it. She studded it surreptitiously. The reading was made up of letters. It was the first time Emmy Lou had thought about that. She knew some of the letters, She would ask some one the letters she did not know by pointing them out on the chart at recess. Emmy Lou was learning. It was the first time since she came to school.

But what did the letter make? She wondered, after recess, studying the valentine again.

Then she went home. She followed Aunt Cordella about. Aunt Cordella was busy.

"What does it read?" asked Emmy Lou.

"Be," said Emmy Lou, "and e"?

"Be," said Aunt Cordella.

If B was lie, it was strange that B and e were Be. But many things were strange.

Emmy Lou accepted them all on faith. After dinner she approached aunt Kaile.

"Why," said Aunt Kaile.

The rest was harder. She could not remember the letters and had to copy them off on her slate. Then sie sought Tom, the houseboy. Tom was out at the gate tailking to another houseboy. She waited until the other how was sone.

The second of these clever stories will be printed next Sunday. This will be "Emmy Lou in the First Reader." SACRED CONCERTS

# ON ELECTRIC LIGHT

MISS TERRY TURNS

AT WEST END PARK